GOOD AND BAD TIMES MIXED IN CHRISTIANA

Shipbuilding and Marine Freights Cause Boon, Low Wages Hard Times.

CHRISTIANIA, June 24.—Christiania is having a combination of good and bad times. Shipbuilding and marine freights cause the boom, while the difficulty of securing supplies from abroad and the failure of ordinary wages to fit the prevailing high prices cause the hard times.

People who have shares in ships and the various shipbuilding conderns are having everything their own way. Many persons who have held stock which paid nothing at all or else very nominal dividends of from three to five per cent a year for many years, now have, in some cases, received cash dividends of from twenty-five to fifty per cent.

Stock gambling.

One night not long ago there was excitement down around the Grand hotel on the main boulevard of Karl Johans gade. Some new stock had been issued on the installment basis, whereby a purchaser paid about one-third down and agreed to pay the other two-thirds as the money was needed by the companies concerned. The stock, one-third paid for, began to rise in value as general freight rates advanced, but as the companies began calling for additional payments, many owners found themselves compelled to sell at least a part of their holdings in order to pay obligations on the remainder. The result was a conflict between rising prices on the one hand and forced sales on the other. All sorts of people were buying and selling, from newsboys up, crowds collecting on the streets and in the lobbies of the hotels in order to close their transactions. However, the values of this kind of paper after the war is over is problematical, for with vessels selling at about five times their intrinsic values, based on 1914 prices, it may be inferred that a general decline will occur. However, many conservative people here say that freight rates will continued to be high for a long time after the war is ended and that present rates will not decline to any great extent.

Dealing in stocks or shares here they call "jobbing," pronounced "yobbing" and nearly everyone is "yobbing." The manager of a big Anglo-Norwegian shipping concern was called up by telephone one day by a broker who wanted to learn something of the credit of a certain employe who had obligations amounting to about thirty-thousand crowns coming due.

Messenger Boy Plunges.

"Why," said the manager, "you don't mean Karl, our messenger boy, do you? Hold the phone a minute, I say, Karl, come here. Are you the one this man is talking about? He says you owe thirty thousand crowns on some shares. You don't mean to say you are 'yobbing' do you?"

"Why, yes, sir, that's me," answered Karl. "Well, how are you going to raise thirty thousand crowns to pay the obligations?" "Why, I have it right here," replied Karl, and taking a bank book out of his pocket, he showed the astonished manager a balance of some forty-five thousand crowns. "The thirty thousand is not due 'till tomorrow and I have not yet been around there, but you may tell him I will pay it all right.

How They Get Started.

The way these young fellows got their start is about as follows: An advertisement appears in the daily papers inviting the public to subscribe to a certain issue of stock. A young clerk with barely enough cash to pay for the necessary postage stamp, writes and says he wants a hundred shares. Maybe the issue is over subscribed, so he receives a reply to the effect that, according to the pro rata, he is entitled to fifty shares of the hundred requested and is invited to settle the account at par within five days. He does this. So with the par value of the shares at five hundred crowns each, he pockets a neat profit of anywhere from five hundred crowns to twelve hundred and fifty crowns. This was about four months ago. Subscribers now must enclose at least ten per cent of the face value of the number of shares requested; otherwise the letter or application will not be considered.

It is reported that millionaire shipowners in Bergen, Norway's big shipping center, have increased since the war began from six or seven to over forty and that Norway now has the largest merchant marine of any country in the world. Before the war England was its only rival in this respect.

Hard Times Talk.

The hard times talk comes from the people who either have not gotten in on the shipping deals or perhaps got in on the wrong side of the profit column, for notwithstanding the upward tendency in the prices of stocks, there have been enough fluctuations to cause many people to lose heavily. However, prices of the necessities of life are rising and a good many things cannot be seured at any price. Salaries and wages have not kept up with the increased cost of foodstuffs. Salaries and wages have not kept up with the increased cost of foodstuffs. Taxes are high and may be higher, and with Norway at least partially mobilized, some of the productive earning power of the country is, for the time being, eliminated.

It should be remembered that before the war Norway was one of the cheap countries in which to live. It was not many years ago that a crown, worth about twenty-seven cents then, was looked upon and used just about the way that Americans look at a dollar. Today a crown is worth abuot thirty cents and as far as Christiania is concerned, will buy just about what Americans can get for that amount. A young clerk or a young engineering graduate looked forward to being promoted to 100 crowns a month just about the way American boys look forward to $100 a month. A man who got six thousand crowns per annum or five hundred crowns a month was considered well-off. The trouble now is that the young man in Christiania is still getting not very much more than his hundred crowns and the older man or employe is getting only a little more than his six-thousand per year. It can be seen that when these amounts can only buy in the United States for $30 and $1,800 dollars respectively, there is some reason for complaint about the increased cost of living.

Price Increases.

Prices have increased about as follows: Carfare is the same, as the company gets its power from mountain streams which run all the time, war or no war. Reduced to United States currency, coal costs about ten times as much per ton as before the war. Milk has gone from five to eight cents per litter; bread from eight to eleven cents per loaf; eggs from twenty-two to forty-eight cents per dozen. Meat has doubled in price; it now sells at from thirty-three to fifty-five cents per pound. Pending and projected strikes and lockouts in the various trades have not tended to help matters much; however, the government has interceded in these matters now and hopes are entertained that these questions can now be adjusted.

To encourage thrift, the municipality has secured control of most of the vacant lots of the city and has let them to industrious citizens in small tracts for a very moderate sum for the present summer season, on the condition that they be planted to potatoes or other staple foodstuffs. During the last month the holders of these tracts could be seen industriously working in the evening twilight, for at this latitude, even as early as May 1, it is not dark until after nine in the evening. In June and July there is quite enough light to read by all night.

High Rate of Interest.

Another matter which may be noted, is the high rate of interest which banks here pay on savings accounts; viz., four and four-and one-half per cent. American gold is selling at a very low figure at the local exchanges. Previously one could get about thirty-eight crowns for a ten-dollar gold-piece; one can now not get more than thirty-three or thirty-four crowns. English pounds sterling are not any better off, while German marks are still lower. Russian rubles, due, it is understood, to having been placed on a paper-or-promise to pay basis, are lower than any of the others.

All sorts of financial adjustments have to be made on account of present unusual conditions. Banks which heretofore have provided funds for building operations, in the shape of first mortgages now find it more profitable to buy up government obligations of various kinds, and are therefore not aiding house construction as heretofore. On account of the rapid growth of Christiania, this has made the housing question a rather serious one to the inhabitants. House rents have increased at least fifty per cent and as leases expire they are generally renewed at the higher figure.

In order to raise funds for new buildings, builders and property owners are now inviting prospective tenants to subscribe to shares in new apartment houses. Permission to lease an apartment of a proposed new building at a certain fixed rental, goes with the sale of a number of shares. In the leasing of apartments in numerous buildings now being erected for completion before winter sets in, it is necessary to purchase about 5,000 crowns in stock in order to secure the privilege of renting an ordinary modern apartment of from four to six rooms.

Freight Piled High.

Down on the water-front the docks are piled high with different kinds of freight. Pig iron from Sweden, American cotton-seed oil, flour, cotton, automobiles and machinery of various kinds. All ocean-going steamers, except the English, have their names painted in huge letters along the entire side of the ship with their national flag pointed at each end. No German boats are noticed, for while they do occasionally make the trip within the three mile limit along the coast of Sweden and Norway from Denmark, the risk is pretty high and freight to and from Germany is therefore generally sent by rail through Sweden and Denmark. A new German motor car shipped from Strassburg was noticed. Presumably on account of the scarcity of rubber, the tires were made of series of detachable wooden blocks bound together with a steel band like a flexible wooden chain. The car was run off the dock by its own power and the vibrations over the Belgian block pavement did not appear to be excessive.

Political opinion here is divided. There is very little high strung argumentative kind of party feeling. Norway has never suffered from the growth of German power and the people therefore are more inclined to view the war in the spirit of a passive by-stander. Anti-German feeling shows itself over the invasion of Belgium and the apparent disregard of the lives of neutrals. Anti-English feeling centers around English espionage and the illegal interference with neutral mails between neutral countries. Passenger and mail vessels are now regularly boarded by British officers and conducted by them through the mine fields to Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands, where mail is removed for inspection by the censor, who then forwards matter not considered detrimental to the Allied cause, to its destination.

DEFECTIVE CULVERTS ARE DANGER SOURCES

And Great Care Should Be Observed When They Are Constructed.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—Until recent years several of the more exclusive and respectable cities in the United States were without an underground system of sewers. They were furnished with open sewers, or tidal drains, or cess pools, all of which were much approved by the scientific authorities of the period, but none of which contributed to the preservation of the public health. In the European cities about 300 years ago, persons who claimed to be better than the rest insisted on the right to walk close to the walls of buildings in passing along streets. That was a queer thing for them to do, as seen through the spectacles of the present age, but it was a wholly natural thing in view of the fact that the center of the streets was then lower than the sides and served as a drain or open sewer, just such as obtained in New Orleans only a few years ago, for the refuse of the adjoining houses. This central drain was called the "kennel," so that when the arrogant swashbuckler ordered the humble citizen to get himself away into his kennel he did not mean to consign him to the dog house, but to the squalor of the middle of the road.

In France this central drain was called "coulouere," which meant a channel, or gutter, or gallery, and which has come to mean in later times in the English speech of the roadbuilders the culvert, "an arched or flat covered drain of brick-work, pipes or masonry carried under a road, raiload, etc., for the passage of water." Without the word, the roadbuilders would not know how to describe their work and without the culvert it would not be possible to build good roads.

Case in Point.

If it be poorly built, it will certainly become the source of danger and great expense. Here is a case in point. Some years ago on the best road from Springfield to Pittsfield, Mass., there was a section several miles long which was crossed by culverts built of rough stone without cement, the slabs forming the tops of the culverts being supported by the side walls. These culverts were all small, probably not more than eighteen inches wide, and their tops were covered with only a few inches of earth and gravel. One year the warm weather of spring was very late and the rainfall was heavy. When frost came out of the road the culverts were disturbed, their joints were opened and the earth and gravel were washed into the culverts, the mass being increased with every rain until finally the culverts were almost wholly choked, with the result that the water delivered to the culverts flooded the side ditches, leaked through the stonework into the foundation of the roadway and so softened it that the culverts were thrown out of position and made useless for the purpose of their construction.

The practical effect of bad culverts was observed by thousands of witnesses on Decoration day of that year. The heavy rainfall just before the celebration converted this stretch of road into an ocean of mud with occasional pools of water so that one could not tell exactly the condition of the road at any point. There was on this day heavy automobile travel from Springfield to Pittsfield. The driver of a car taken in the evening to the largest garage in Pittsfield was congratulated on delivering his machine intact because it was only the third making the trip that day that had not come in with broken spring, sprung axle or other quite serious injury caused by a wheel dropping into a culvert through an opening in the top.

Not Safe.

It may be said that such a record of a day's troubles caused by defective culverts is unusual, and it is, but it is exactly what may be expected to happen under the same conditions anywhere at any time. No culvert that is improperly built is safe or economical. On the contrary, it is a waste of money to spend it on such work unless the work is well done on an approved plan under competent direction. There must be calculation as to the volume of water, the culverts are to carry off in rainy season and flood time, not in dry weather, and as to the durability of the material used in their construction. There can be no skimping on culverts or bridges or drainages without waste. It is better to have these three things permament and adequate then to have an expensive form of road surfacing if a choice must be made. The man who built his house on shifting sand instead of solid rock has been regarded for centuries as the prince of fools.

If the culverts are not built of good material they will have to be rebuilt in a few years, whatever the quality of the roads they are made to serve. Defective culverts vitiate one of the elementary principles of highway economics, and the interests of the taxpayers require that the annual cost of every part of the roads built for their use be reduced to the lowest possible figure consistent with efficiency. Manifestly, it would be worse than folly to build culverts of boards to take care of roads that have cost hundreds or thousands of dollars the mile and it would be none the less foolish, or worse, to waste money in work of this sort with the use of bad material.

Three Fundamentals.

In building a culvert the roadbuilder must observe three fundamental requirements.

1. The first requirement is that the culvert must be so placed that it will drain across the road, and under the road, of course, all the water that is delivered to it by the side ditch along the road. If this be not done, the earth along the road and about the end of the culvert will be wet and soggy the most of the year and the culvert opening will require almost constant repairs. Repairing a highway culvert is relatively more expensive than similar work in a town because of the waste of time of the workmen in going to and from the point at which the work must be done. In placing the culvert care must also be taken that it will not be choken by brush and leaves, and this duty must be discharged by the road supervisor, and will be, if he is worth his salt.

2. The second and very important requirement in the building of a culvert is that its ends must be protected by some kind of wall or facing carried down to a firm foundation. If this be done, it will be found that the end of the culvert will not be undercut by the water and will not be broken, frost will not injure it, the surrounding or superincumbent earth will not slide down into the ditch in front of the opening, and, with the further necessary work of keeping the feeding ditches clear, the culvert will be able to take care of all the water alongside the road.

Must Be Strong.

3. The third requirement is that the culvert must be made so strong that it will not become broken and so tight that it will not leak. These ends can be reached by building the culvert of masonry, concrete or of good piping. The material to be used must be determined by the relative cost of the several materials at the locality where the culvert is to be built and by the distance from the top of the culvert to the surface of the road. All technical features of culvert buildings are explained in pamphlets printed for the use of road supervisors by the highway departments of most states and by the United States office of public roads and rural engineering at Washington. These pamphlets can be obtained free of cost upon application so that it is possible for all road supervisors to be their own culvert builders by following instructions. After all, the road supervisor is a most important factor in this work. If he look after his culverts well, he ought to be retained in office; if he do not, the sooner he can be replaced by one who will do so the better for the public that uses the roads and particularly for the taxpayers who pay for them.

MYSTERY OF DOG SOLVED

Canine Fished from Mine and Loses Its Life under an Auto.

ARLINGTON, N. J., June 24.—The mystery of the snarling dog down in the depths of the old Schyler copper mine at North Arlington, was solved when John C. Lacherie, justice of the peace, offered a reward of $50 to any one who would get and bring the dog to him.

If a reward of $50 were offered in Arlington for the finding of gold nuggets in the old mine they undoubtedly would be forthcoming within an hour. Anyway, the rescue of the dog was but child's play for Edward Muller, the leading mine and mastiff strategist of North Arlington.

So exciting and complicated is the story, however, that it might be well to repeat it as told by the correspondents who first set forth the wild details.

"For days the residents of this village have been dropping meat down on strings hoping to bring the howling dog to the surface. He would snatch the meat, but would not hold to the rope, and for this reason they knew it could not be a bulldog. Other than that they had no clew regarding him other than that as a grand and lofty howler he stood alone in the noisy annals of the village.

"Judge Lafacherie soon decided he wanted the dog for a pet and made the statement that he would give $50 to anyone who could get and fetch the mysterious brute to him. When this statement was repeated Edward Muller brought a huge milk pan to the mine, placed a mass of meat in the bottom of it and lowered it three hundred feet to where the dog was on the floor of the mine. The dog jumped in for the meat and Mr. Muller pulled the pan to the surface.

"When the pan came in sight a large fox terrier could be seen in it. As soon as it was possible to do so he jumped to the planking at the surface, bit Mr. Muller in the leg, chased everybody in the vicinity in the general direction of their homes and then ran across the fields to the Belleville turnpike. When he reached it he ran directly under a northbound touring automobile and was instantly killed.

"So entangled in the machinery was the dog that the automobile could not move and traffic was all but blocked for two hours.

"Mr. Muller went to the home of Judge Lafacherie and asked for the $50 and Judge Lafacherie said he would pay him if he produced the dog. By this time, of course, there was not a trace of the dog."

FROM AMERICA

Are at Least 500,000 Italian Soldiers Now Fighting in the War in Europe.

ROME, June 24.—The number of present Italian soldiers who have either been to the United States or also have relatives there is estimated as high as 500,000, a proportion that is said to be larger in this respect than that of any other army in Europe.

Everywhere on the Italian front the American visitor finds men who have been to the United States, and they usually seem proud of the fact. On a recent visit to the war zone, a correspondeent was trying to get a train for a certain place and in broken Italian he asked one of the soldier-police for some necessary information. "I don't know anything about this town, I'm from New York," replied the carabiniere.

The Human Side of Hughes

"I hope if an autopsy is ever performed on me you will find something besides sawdust and useful information."

This remark is not to be found among the collected speeches of Charles E. Hughes. It was made in the smoking room of a special train at the end of a day's campaigning in the autumn of 1908, when the governor was telling the voters why he should be sent back to Albany for another term. In various forms it has been repeated in other quiet talks with friends from that time to this. To one newspaper man who sought information for a biographical sketch from the then governor he gave but one suggestion as to how the material should be handled.

"If you can do so conscientiously," he said, "try in what you write to do something to disabuse the public mind of the impression that I am a sort of austere blue-stocking person without any red blood or bowels of mercy, that I am a mere coldly calculating interrogation point."

For if there is anything that this serene, even tempered, kindly sympathetic man resents it is the popular notion, whose prevalence is perhaps not as wide as it was once, that he is temperamentally all Puritan, intellectually a dweller on some cold remote peak, a monkish recluse, unemotional, forbidding, inaccessible, the apotheosis of austerity. He knows this is a false picture. His friends know it is false and presently the people as he goes among them, will know its falsity as they awake to the fact that Mr. Hughes, in addition to his other attractive qualities, is a human being in a nation of a hundred million other more or less human beings.

The Hughes myth, the delusion as to the frigid pedantry of this man, is a creation of politics. It was carefully erected by the politicians whose wills he crossed in those days from 1906 to 1910 when he was governor of New York. Some who didn't appreciate the truth and some who did joined for their own purposes in spreading the fable in the hope that the voters would accept this judgment rather than the evidence of their own senses. It is a serious thing for a man in public life to be pictured as Mr. Hughes has been. He had to overcome the handicap when he was governor, he will have to do it again as he seeks election to the presidency.

New York knows him. The Hughes myth is probably permanently dissipated in his home state. But there is no doubt about its present persistence among thousands of men in other parts of the country. A remark often heard by those who attended the Chicago Republican convention was this: "Hughes? A great man, a great intellect, but he hasn't got the stuff that appeals to the ordinary voter. He's just a thinking machine."

Go up to the Hotel Astor, walk down a second floor corridor and look through a wide open door into a room where Hughes has been greeting old friends and making new ones since Monday. Then pass among the men gathered in other rooms of the suite, single out those who have a right to say that they really know him and you'll find out whether or not they believe he is "just a thinking machine."

Ask Charles Farnham, who managed his tours when he was governor; ask Robert Fuller, who was the governor's secretary; ask Brown University classmates, who are dropping in on their way to commencement reunions; ask anybody that counts Charles E. Hughes as a personal friend or has talked with him for more than two minutes. Yes, even ask the politicians who pieced together the Hughes myth eight and ten years ago and see what they think about it now.

A reporter did this. The first person he encountered was one who traveled about the state with the governor a great deal in the days when Hughes was appealing to the people against the obstinancy of a hostile legislature.

"I am a poor hand at anecdotes," this man said, "and the only thing that occurs to me now is too trifling for your use. But it's the truth that I never think of Mr. Hughes without being reminded of governor's day at the Syracuse state fair.

"He was walking through the exhibits, wearing a high hat and escorted by a citizen's committee similarly dignified, and by his military staff in uniform. It was a solemn, important occasion—for the committee. As they were passing the poultry show a big buff Cochin rooster suddenly flapped its wings, reared its head and let out a mighty crow. None of the escort dared to smile. But the governor doffed his tile, made an elaborate bow to the rooster and said:

"I can't pass by without acknowledging such a salute as that.'

"So the whole party followed the governor's example, and everybody was quite human for the rest of the day. You may not know it, but Mr. Hughes abhors formality except when the occasion absolutely demands its."

Another in the reminescing group at the Astor headquarters was a well-known New York lawyer. He spoke up:

"I never heard of the rooster story, but I do remember something that throws light on a phase of Mr. Hughes's character that no one would ever hear about him. Many years before the gas and insurance investigations I was retained by a man whose wife was being sued in connection with a matter concerning an organization of women. I was rather young and my client thought I ought to have counsel to aid me.

"So I called up a friend and asked him to recommend the best trial counsel in New York city. He replied, 'You want Charles E. Hughes.' I had never heard of Charles E. Hughes, but on my friend's advice I called on him. He heard my story, took the case and fought it successfully through the cort of appeals. He presented no bill until I asked for one, and then it was ridiculously small. I said to him:

" 'Why Mr. Hughes, this doesn't begin to pay you for your time.'

"He replied, 'Mr. ——, I took this case on your representation of the situation and am glad to have been of service. This man' (our client) 'has given his life to helping the poor and that is all I am going to charge.'

"And he wouldn't take a cent more than the nominal fee he had fixed."

There are many stories illustrating the candidate's ability to meet campaign interruptions with a quick and humorous retort, an invaluable asset to a platform speaker. For example, in 1908 his Democratic opponent for the governorship, Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, said in one of his drives that Mr. Hughes was a "modern Oliver Cromwell." Mr. Hughes was speaking in an up-state city on the following day, when a man in the crowd shouted, "How about Oliver Cromwell?"

"That reminds me," the governor beamed, "of the man who was asked by the waiter what kind of soup he would have.

" 'What kind have you?' the diner replied.

" 'Oxtail,' said the waiter.

" 'Isn't that going pretty far back for soup?' "

Cromwell, Chanler and the hostile voter who had broached the topic were forgotten in the laugh that followed. There were no more interruptions.

Mr. Hughes is a temperate man, but, as he says, not a blue-stocking. In his school teaching days he smoked many cigarets, later he turned from them to cigars, and the black Havanas that he used to enjoy are part of the picture retained by those associated with him when he was governor. It will be news to many of his friends that he gave up smoking altogether about two years ago in the midst of his work as associate justice of the supreme court.

Through his mature years he has not disdained to take an occasional drink of rye whiskey, when it seems appropriate to his needs or the occasion. Phrases which will astonish those who have thought of Mr. Hughes as always enveloped in an Olympian mist of high scholarship are to be found in an appreciation written by President Faunce of the Brown University several years ago. Speaking of Hughes the undergraduate Dr. Faunce said:

"He had a touch of that bohemianism which among students is so frequently the mask of profound moral seriousness. He never hurts himself with overstudy. His desk was piled high with works of fiction, for his curious and restless mind was reaching out into sympathetic relations with all sorts and conditions of men. A better story teller or a more wholesouled companion on a journey it would be hard to find."

Mr. Hughes still reads fiction, still keeps abreast of the best in modern literature, still repeats the sayings of Mr. Dooley with a brogue that would win approval even from Finley Peter Dunne. Like the late Senator Hoar, he usually has a detective story handy with which to rest his mind and beguile his fancy from the delightful tedium of law, and like Mr. Hoar, he can afford to laugh at ponderous critics, for before he was ten years old the boy Hughes had read all of Shakespeare "for the story," and his mind is stored with the treasures of the richest literature. One night as he smoked and talked in his West End avenue library, before he went to Washington, he said:

"We are all incorrigible hypocrites, especially about the things we like to read or the things we think we ought to like to read. Now, being a mere man, I confess that I like a good blood and thunder swashbuckling romance better than almost anything else you can give me in printer's ink. I don't care much who wrote it, so long as it has a rattling good story between its covers. And next to a good thriller of this sort I lean pretty strongly to the good old-fashioned detective story as a panacea for a wearied brain and a tired back."

He was immensely amused by a magazine sketch portraying him as startling an Alpine tramp with "a volume of Kant's philosophy, a treatise on solid geometry and "Lycurgus.' " He pleaded guilty to a fondness for Kant, repudiated the solid geometry, and as for Lycurgus he said, "I don't know what that may be, but I hope it's nothing intoxicating."

One night in the last session of an especially hard-fisted legislature a visitor went in to see the governor expecting to find him bowed down with the weight of the conflict and burning the midnight oil over refactory bulletins from the capital. But Mr. Hughes came forward with a finger marking a place in a book that he held.

"Good evening, Mr. Blank," he said. "I have read six novels of Dumas's since the session began and if it keeps up much longer, I'll have to begin on Gaboriau."

Mr. Hughes's whiskers may worry art critics and provide bread for the cartoonists, but there is no evidence that they have ever distressed him for a moment.

The original reason for Mr. Hughes's beard, which, by the way, has been noticeably reduced in dimensions in the course of his residence in Washington, is to be found in his first days as a teacher. Being graduated from Brown University at the age of 19, he found his boyish appearance so serious a problem that he adopted the expedient of submitting in writing his applications for employment as a teacher. In this way he was engaged to teach Greek and mathematics at Delhi, N. Y. He is fond of telling how amazed Prof. James O. Griffin, now of the Stanford University faculty, was when he presented himself at Delhi.

"My dear young man," said Dr. Griffin to the stripling. "I cannot doubt your competency to teach the branches for which you have been engaged. But how, pray, do you expect to rule the young men who will come under your charge? You have no more beard than an egg and I fear you lack the physique that is sometimes necessary to maintain discipline among effervescent souls."

So the young schoolmaster did his best to rectify the error of juvenility and since then he has seen no reason for removing the beard that sprung to his assistance then.

One story more:

Looking up from his desk at Albany one afternoon Governor Hughes found at his side a man he had never seen before. He was surprised that Colonel Treadwell, his military secretary had not introduced the visitor, but he put out his hand and said heartily, "How are you?"

"Just got out of jail," said the visitor.

"What were you in for?"

"Oh, the second time for trying to escape?"

"Were you guilty?"

"Yes."

"What were you in for the first time?"

"Burglarly, twelve years."

"Were you guilty?"

"Yes."

Can I do anything for you?"

"You bet you can. "I've got a lot of complaints from the boys up there about the way they're treated and I promised them I'd come right to the governor with my kick."

The ex-convict read his items, the governor made a note of them and promised to investigate. The man thanked him and slid away. Turning to Colonel Treadwell the governor said:

"Did you know that man was a convict?"

"Why, no," replied the astonished aid. "I thought he was an assemblyman."

Of course both laughed, but the joke is not the real point of the yarn. The point is that Governor Hughes was always just as ready to listen to a jailbird, if he had something to say, as to any other citizen.

TRIES GUNPLAY TO WIN GIRL; NOW IN JAIL

Cowboy Not Picturesque When Dressed in Store Clothes, Says Fair Maid.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 24.—High-heeled boots, a broad-brimmed hat, corduroy trousers, a flannel shirt, a blue handkerchief for a collar and a six-foot-four man inside them, are all right in their proper setting. Associated with a lariat, a cow pony and prairies that fade away into the distance they form a combination that might appeal to any city girl and justify a summer flirtation.

But somehow the romance that surrounds such a combination on its native heath has a habit of fading away when the man togs up in store clothes and makes a visit to the girl's home town.

That's the reason L. F. Fountain is in the Shawnee county jail and Marie Palmer has gone away on a visit. That's the main reason, although the interval between the alleged flirtation and Fountain's arrest is filled with reasons. Miss Palmer says it was a flirtation. Fountain says it was the most serious thing that ever happened to him.

He Couldn't Forget.

Fountain lives in what is left of the cow country down in Pratt county. He is typical of that country twenty years ago. Marie Palmer visited in this neighborhood with the latest creations from Topeka millinary and dressmaking establishments. Fountain fell and fell hard. He decided there was just one woman in the world for him, and she was not one of the Pratt county girls. He didn't tell Miss Palmer all this at the time. He telling about it now.

To just what extent Miss Palmer encouraged the lengthy cowboy was not made clear, but when she came away she thought the affair was all over. She closed the cover on a brief leaflet of romance and forgot it. But not so with Fountain. He saw her face in the first purple of the prairie sunrise, he saw it in the mirage at noonday and he saw it in the sunset. It was constantly before him.

Buys Ticket for Topeka.

One day he turned his pony out to grass, threw his saddle and bridle in a corner of the ranch house, dressed up in his store clothes and bought a ticket for his girl's home town. The only familiar thing he wore when he stepped from his train in Topeka was his artillery. He carried a six shooter in a holster and an idea in his brain. His idea was to take Marie Palmer back with him, peaceably if possible, but take her back.

The next chapter of the story was told by Miss Palmer to county officials more than a week ago. Fountain called at Miss Palmer's home and calmly announced that he had journeyed to Topeka to wed her. He didn't look like the same fellow she had known out West. The store clothes spoiled the effect. Out on the prairie he had been a picturesque figure. Out on West Seventh street, in Topeka, he was just a tall, gangling man with clothes that wouldn't pass inspection at a fashion show.

Bad Checks Show Up.

When Miss Palmer demurred Fountain pulled his six shooter—she says—and threatened to make a sieve of the whole neighborhood, including herself. He must have created something of a scene in that quiet locality. He left but promised it wouldn't be for keeps; that she might just as well pack up her clothing, for he intended to take her back to Pratt with him.

Miss Palmer made complaint and Fountain was arrested, but released on promise to leave town. Subsequently he was taken in charge again on charges from Larned that he had passed worthless checks there.